THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

For MONDAY, May 7, 1792.

Account of Thomas Topham, the Strong Man.

[From Hutton's Hiftory of Derby.]

WE learnt from private accounts, well attefted, that Thomas Topham, a man who kept a public houfe at Iflington, performed furprifing feats of ftrength: As breaking a broomftick, of the firft magnitude, by ftriking it againft his bare arm; lifting two hogfheads of water; heaving his horfe over the turnpike-gate; carrying the beam of a houfe, as a foldier his firelock, &c. But, however belief might ftagger, fhe foon recovered herfelf when this fecond Sampson appeared at Derby, as a performer in public, at a fhilling each. Upon application to Alderman Cooper, for leave to exhibit, the magiftrate was furprized at the feats he propofed; and, as his appearance was like that of other men, he requefted him to ftrip, that he might examine whether he was made like them; but he was found to be extremely mufcular. What were hollows under the arms and hams of others, were filled up with ligaments in him.

He appeared near five feet ten, turned of thirty, well-made, but nothing fingular; he walked with a fmall limp. He had formerly laid a wager, the ufual decider of difputes, that three horfes could not draw him from a poft, which he fhould clafp with his feet; but the driver giving them a fudden lafh, turned them afide, and the unexpected jerk had broke his thigh.

The performances of this wonderful man, in whom were united the ftrength of twelve, were rolling up a pewter-difh of

ſeven pounds, as a man rolls up a ſheet of paper—holding a pewter quart at arms length, and ſqueezing the ſides together like an egg-ſhell—lifting two hundred weight with his little finger, and moving it gently over his head.—The bodies he touched ſeemed to have loſt their powers of gravitation.—He alſo broke a rope, faſtened to the floor, that would ſuſtain twenty hundred weight—lifted an oak table ſix feet long with his teeth, though half a hundred weight was hung to the extremity; a piece of leather was fixed to one end for his teeth to hold, two of the feet ſtood upon his knees, and he raiſed the end with the weight higher than that in his mouth—he took Mr. Chambers, vicar of All Saints, who weighed twenty-ſeven ſtone, and raiſed him with one hand—his head being laid on one chair, and his feet on another, four people, fourteen ſtone each, ſat upon his body, which he heaved at pleaſure—he ſtruck a round bar of iron, one inch diameter, againſt his naked arm, and at one ſtroke bent it like a bow. Weakneſs and feeling ſeemed fled together.

Being a maſter of muſic, he entertained the company with mad Tom. I heard him ſing a ſolo to the organ in St. Warburgh's church, then the only one in Derby; but though he might perform with judgment, yet the voice, more terrible than ſweet, ſcarcely ſeemed human. Though of a pacific temper, and with the appearance of a gentleman, yet he was liable to the inſults of the rude. The hoſtler at the Virgin's inn, where he reſided, having given him diſguſt, he took one of the kitchen ſpits from the mantle-piece, and bent it round his neck like a handkerchief; but as he did not chuſe to tuck the end in the hoſtler's boſom, the cumbrous ornament excited the laugh of the company, till he condeſcended to untie his iron cravat. Had he not abounded with good-nature, the men might have been in fear for the ſafety of their perſons, and the women for that of, their pewter-ſhelves, as he could inſtantly roll up both. One blow with his fiſt would for ever have ſilenced thoſe heroes of the bear-garden, Johnſon and Mendoza.

Origin of the Exclamation of "Here's a fine KETTLE *of* FISH."

THIS common expreſſion ſeems to have originated from a Fête Champetre given by the gentlemen who lived near the Tweed to their neighbours and friends, which is called "a kettle of fiſh." Tents are pitched near the flowery banks

of the river, on fome graffy plain; a fire is kindled, and live falmon thrown into boiling kettles. The fifh thus prepared is very firm, and accounted a moft delicious food. Where the Tweed forms the boundary between England and Scotland, the Englifh ladies and gentlemen crofs the river in boats to attend the annual feaft of their Scottifh neighbours, who in like manner pay due refpect on fimilar occafions to their Englifh neighbours.

An Authentic Account of the State of Society in which the Natives of Africa live, in Cayor, Sin, and Sallum; three Countries extending along the Shore from the Mouth of the River Gambia to that of the Senegal.

(Continued from Page 404.)

MR. CLARKSON, having finifhed his account of the ftate of fociety in which the natives of Africa live, in the countries vifited by his friend M. de Villeneuve, proceeds to apply that account, in feveral particulars, to the different arguments alledged by the advocates for the flave-trade, in order to fhew the weaknefs and fallacy of thofe arguments.

As a fpecimen of this part of his work, it will be fufficient to lay before your readers his animadverfion on two or three of thofe arguments, which we frequently hear advanced with the greateft confidence. Firft it is contended by the advocates for the trade, that "the lives of the flaves in the colonies are fo much happier than in the country they left, as to juftify the continuance of it:"—Now in order that we may judge of the truth of this argument, Mr. Clarkfon fuppofes, firft, that all the perfons exported from Africa were originally free men: He fuppofes afterwards, that they were all flaves: He then inquires, in either cafe, what the preceding account will furnifh us with, to enable us to form an idea of the truth of the affertion, or whether, whichever of the two cafes we choofe to take as the true, the argument will not drop to the ground.

On the fuppofition then that they were free men, he is juftified in the following account of them.—In Africa every native in his own village is confidered as a member of the community, and as a man. He knows no diftinction of rank or privilege. He fees but one magiftrate over him, and this perfon no otherwife more powerful than himfelf, than by being able to bring offenders to trial with the confent of the people. Now

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is this the caſe with him when exported to the colonies? Is he not immediately expunged from the rank of men? Is he not conſidered as a mere inſtrument of labour, or put upon a level with the brute?

In Africa every native is the cultivator of his own little farm, and the crop that follows is the reward of his labour. To place him beyond the reach of want, more land awaits him as his own, if more ſhould be judged neceſſary, and this to an extent to the ſummit of his wiſhes. But what is his ſituation when exported to the colonies? Why, after having expended his ſinews in the fields of his maſter, he has no ſhare in the fruits of his own labour; he dares not touch the cane which his own hands have planted for fear of the application of the whip; his meagre looks too often exhibit a proof of his ſcanty fare, and his little repeated thefts, not on the pageantry of his maſter, but on the neceſſaries of life (thefts of a kind ſeldom or ever known in his own country) are but too many additional confirmations of his wants.

In his own country again, as a free man, it is evident that he goes to ſleep when it ſuits him. In the morning he riſes at his own hour. In the day he goes where he pleaſes, ſeeking various amuſements when unemployed, or viſiting his friends; and when he comes to a good old age, he has the pleaſure of finding himſelf an object of favour and reſpect. In the colonies, on the other hand, his ſlumbers are daily broken by the ſound of the ſhell: [The ſlaves being called out by day-light to their work, by the blowing of a ſhell.] If nature tells him that he is not ſufficiently refreſhed, but entices him again to ſleep, he dares not obey her call. Sick or well he muſt riſe to his toil. If he ſhould range about to amuſe himſelf in the day, he is ſeized as a runaway from the rod of deſpotiſm, and oppreſſed with chains. If he viſits his friends, he muſt viſit them in the night, and pay for his pleaſure by the pain of encroaching upon his ſleep; and when he comes to a good old age, all eſtimation of him is gone; he is conſidered as an uſeleſs animal; as a dead weight on his owner; nay, he is ſometimes even driven adrift, when his aged hands are incapable of procuring him a livelihood, to ſteal or periſh.

In his own country again, he is ſituated amidſt his relations and friends. Here the former, for generations back, have been encircled by one fence. Here, if he be grown a man, he beholds on one ſide of him his aged anceſtors, and on the other, views with pleaſure his riſing progeny. But is this his ſituation in the colonies? Is he not a ſtranger there? Is not his life ren-

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dered continually unhappy by the painful thought of being for ever ſeparated from all whom he eſteemed? And if time ſhould chance to eraſe the remembrance of theſe, or render it faint, and he even form a new connection, can he dwell with pleaſure on the proſpect of a progeny to come; a progeny born to perpetual ſlavery under the moſt tyrannical of maſters?

If to the above conſiderations there be added a remarkable circumſtance, which is found in the preceding account, namely, that his attachment to his native village is of ſo extraordinary a kind, that though you chaſe him from it with all the dogs of perſecution, he will return to it again, or, in other words, that whatever ſituation you put him into, in the colonies, you make him miſerable by taking him from his native ſpot, a deciſive idea may be formed of the relative happineſs of his ſituation as a free man in Africa, and as a ſlave in the Weſt Indies.

Having thus, in the firſt place, conſidered him as having been free before the time of his exportation, Mr. Clarkſon proceeds to conſider him, in the ſecond place, as having been a ſlave in his own country; on which ſuppoſition the following compariſon may be made.

In Africa, though a ſlave, he is not ſubjected to ſtripes or any other perſonal ill treatment. Whips, chains, and other inſtruments of torture, are there unknown. But in the colonies, they trace on his back ſuch marks of the whip, as time can never efface; chains and impriſonment, with various inſtruments of torment, await him, if he ſhould have the virtue to tranſgreſs the colonial laws, and even, if he ſhould not tranſgreſs them, he is never ſafe from the ſallies of paſſion and caprice.

In his own country again, his work is eaſy and light, not exceeding the ordinary exerciſe which health requires. In the colonies, we know from the beſt authority that it is hard and inſupportable. In his own country, he enjoys often whole days of leiſure. In the colonies, days and years paſs alike without a reſpite from his labours, and days and years are ſtill to paſs till nature is exhauſted. In his own country he is cheered by the example of his maſter, who undertakes an equal portion of labour with him in the ſame field. In the colonies, he is rouſed to exertion by the laſh. Vain and idle is the plea that diſeaſe has aſſailed and enfeebled him, and that he is weak. To ſuggeſt this he frequently dares not; and not to ſuggeſt it is to fall the victim of avarice and oppreſſion.

In his own country again, he is led to conſider, that ſlavery is leſs a diſtinction in reality than in the name. He eats with the children of his maſter, and partakes of the ſame repaſt. He

fleeps often in the fame room, and always in apartments as commodious as their's. When in company with his mafter, it is often difficult to know which of them is the flave. But very unlike to this is his fituation in the Weft Indies: There he is confidered as of a different order of creation: the whip only is bafe enough to touch his body; and if ever admitted into the prefence of his owner, there is the immenfe diftance between them of a reptile and of a God.

Such is the comparative view of the fituation of a flave in Africa and a flave in the Weft Indies: And if to this we add that which was made before, namely, that of a free man and a flave in the fame two countries, we fhall be able to reject the argument with difdain, fhould it ever be oppofed to us, that the lives of thofe annually exported to the colonies are fo much happier there than in their own country, as to juftify the continuance of the flave-trade.

(To be concluded in our next.)

Anecdotes of Henry the Fourth, King of France and Navarre, juftly named the Father of his People.

THIS Prince was born at Pau, in Bearn, on the 13th of December, 1553, and was the fon of Anthony of Bourbon, Duke of Vendome and Jane of Albret, Queen of Navarre. He defcended in a direct line from Robert of France, Count of Clermont, fixth fon of St. Lewis.

Jane of Albret being pregnant with this Prince, Henry of Albret made his daughter promife, that fhe would fing during childbearing: "to the end," faid he "that you may not bring forth a crying and puling child. The Princefs kept her word with her father, and notwithftanding the pains fhe fuffered, had the courage to begin a fong in the Bearn language, as foon as fhe heard him enter; the child came into the world without either weeping or crying. His grandfather carried him into his chamber, rubbed his lips with a clove of garlic, and made him fuck a drop of wine, with an intent to make his conftitution more robuft and vigorous.

It was in the caftle of Coraze, fituate in the midft of rocks, between Bigorre and Bearn, that the young Henry received his education. His ordinary nourifhment was brown bread, cheefe, and beef. He was clothed, as other children of the country were, in the coarfeft ftuff. He was accuftomed to climb and run

run up the rocks; often he was made to walk bare-headed and bare footed. Thus, by early habituating his body to exercise and labour, he prepared his soul to support with courage all the vicissitudes which fate caused him to experience.

France could not have found a more worthy master than Henry IV. to govern it, nor one more capable of repairing its misfortunes. On the occasion of the battle of Arques, which he won over the rebellious party of the Duke of Mayenne, he wrote to Crillon in these terms, "Hang thyself, brave Crillon, we have fought at Arques, and thou wast not there."—Before the action he ran through the ranks with an air of gaiety which seemed to presage victory, and thus addressed his soldiers:—"You are Frenchmen—I am your King—there is the enemy."

Henry IV. possessed the art of gaining hearts in a high degree. Schomberg, General of the Germans, some days before this battle, demanded of him the pay of his troops. The treasury was empty,—and a gust of anger burst from the King. "Never did a man of courage," replied he, "demand money on the eve of a battle." Repenting of this injurious repartee, he seized the moment they were preparing for combat in order to repair it. "M. de Schomberg," said he, "I have offended you. This day, perhaps, may be the last of my life: I do not wish to wound the honour of a gentleman; I know your merit and valour; I intreat you to pardon and embrace me." Schomberg answered him. "It is true that your Majesty wounded me the other day;—to day you have killed me; for the honour you do me, obliges me to die on this occasion for your service." The brave German indeed signalized his valour, and was killed by the King's side.

(To be continued.)

The History of the Life of Baron Trenck. In which is introduced a particular Account of the extraordinary Sufferings which he underwent by Command of the late King of Prussia.

[Extracted from his own Narrative.]

(Continued from Page 420.)

THE kind Swedes brought me on board, and also righted and returned with the shallop. For some days I was sea-sick. We weighed anchor, and sailed for the Texel, the mouth

mouth of which we ſaw and the pilots coming off, when another ſtorm roſe, and drove us to the port of Bahus, in Norway, into which we ran, without farther damage. In ſome few days we again ſet ſail, with a fair wind, and at length reached Amſterdam.

Here I made no long ſtay; for, the day after my arrival, an extraordinary adventure happened, in which I was engaged chiefly by my own raſhneſs.

I was a ſpectator while the harpooners, belonging to the whale fiſhery, were exerciſing themſelves in darting their harpoons; moſt of them were drunk. One of them, Herman Rogaar by name, a hero among theſe people for his dexterity with his ſnickaſnee, came up, and paſſed ſome of his coarſe jokes upon my Turkiſh ſabre, and offered to fillip me on the noſe. I puſhed him from me, and the fellow threw down his cap, drew his ſnickaſnee, challenged me, called me monkey-tail, and aſked whether I choſe a ſtraight, a circular, or a croſs cut.

Thus, here was I, in this excellent company, with no choice but that of either fighting or running away. The robuſt, Herculean fellow grew more inſolent, and I, turning round to the by-ſtanders, aſked them to lend me a ſnickaſnee: "No, no," ſaid the challenger, "draw your great knife from your ſide, and, long as it is, I will lay you a dozen ducats you get a gaſh in the cheek." I drew; he confidently advanced with his ſnickaſnee, and, at the firſt ſtroke of my ſabre, that, and the hand that held it, both dropt to the ground, and the blood ſpouted in my face.

I now expected the people would, indubitably, tear me to pieces; but my fear was changed into aſtoniſhment at hearing a univerſal ſhout applauding the vanquiſher of the redoubted Herman Rogaar, who, ſo lately feared for his ſtrength and dexterity, became the object of their ridicule. A Jew ſpectator conducted me out of the crowd, and the people clamorouſly followed me to my inn. This kind of duel, by which I gained honour, would any where elſe have brought me to the higheſt diſgrace. A man who knew the uſe of the ſabre, in a ſingle day, might, certainly, have diſabled a hundred Herman Rogaars. This ſtory may inſtruct and warn others. He that is quarrelſome ſhall never want an enemy. My temerity often engaged me in diſputes which, by timely compliance and calmneſs, might eaſily have been avoided; but my evil genius always impelled me into the paths of perplexity, and I ſeldom ſaw danger till it was inevitable.

I left

I left Amsterdam for the Hague, where I had been recommended to Lord Holderness, the English Ambassador, by Lord Hyndford; to Baron Reischach, by Bernes; to the Grand Pensionary Fagel, by Schwart; and from the Chancellor I had a letter to the Prince of Orange himself. I could not, therefore, but be every where received with all possible distinction. With these recommendations, and the knowledge I possessed, had I had the good fortune to have avoided Vienna, and gone to India, where talents would have insured me wealth, how many tears of affliction had I been spared! My ill fortune, however, had brought me letters from Count Bernes, assuring me that heaven was at Vienna, and including a citation from the high court, requiring me to give in my claim of inheritance. Bernes farther informed me the Austrian Court had assured him I should meet with all justice and protection, and advised me to hasten my journey, as the executorship of the estates of Trenck was conducted but little to my advantage.

This advice I took, proceeded to Vienna, and from that moment all my happiness had an end. I became bewildered in law-suits, and the arts of wicked men, and all possible calamities assaulted me at once, the recital of which would, itself, afford subject matter for a history. They began by the following incidents.

One M. Schenck sought my acquaintance at the Hague. I met with him at my hotel, where he intreated I would take him to Nuremberg, whence he was to proceed to Saxony. I complied, and bore his expences; but at Hanau, waking in the morning, I found my watch, set with diamonds, a ring worth two thousand rubles, a diamond snuff-box, with my mistress's picture, and my purse, containing about eighty ducats, stolen from my bed-side, and Schenck become invisible. Little affected by the loss of money, at any time, I yet was grieved for my snuff-box. The rascal, however, had escaped, and it was fortunate that the remainder of my ready money, with my bills of exchange, were safely locked up.

I now pursued my journey without company, and arrived in Vienna. I cannot exactly recollect in what month, but I had been absent about two years; and the reader will allow that it was barely possible for any man, in so short a time, to have experienced more various changes of fate, though many smaller incidents have been suppressed.

The father of Baron Trenck, who died in the year 1743, Governor of Leitschau, in Hungary, named me in his will the successor of his son, should he die without heirs male.

This will was ſent to be proved, according to form, at Vienna, after having been authenticated in the moſt legal manner in Hungary. The court called Hofkriegſrath, at Vienna, neglected to provide a curator for the ſecurity of the next heir; yet this could not annul my right of ſucceſſion. When Trenck ſucceeded his father, he entered no proteſt to this his father's will; therefore, dying without children, in the year 1749, my claim was indiſputable. I was heir, had he made no will; and even in caſe of confiſcation, my title to his father's eſtates ſtill remained valid.

He knew I was the legal claimant to his father's eſtates. His father had bought, with the family money, remitted from Pruſſia, the lordſhips of Preſtowacz and Pleternitz, in Sclavonia, and he himſelf, during his father's life, and with his father's money, had purchaſed the lordſhip of Pakratz, for forty thouſand florins; this muſt therefore deſcend alſo to me, he having no more power to will this from me than he had the remainder of his paternal inheritance. The property he imſelf had gained was conſigned to adminiſtrators, but a hundred thouſand florins had been expended in law ſuits, and ſixty-three ſuits continued actually pending againſt him in court; the legacies he bequeathed amounted to eighty thouſand florins. Theſe, he ſaw, could not be paid, ſhould I claim nothing more than the paternal inheritance; he therefore, to render me unfortunate after his death, craftily named me his univerſal heir, without mentioning his father's will, but endeavoured, by his myſterious death, and the following conditions, to enforce the execution of his own will.

Firſt, I was to become a Catholic.

Secondly,—I was to ſerve only the houſe of Auſtria; and,

Laſtly,—He made his whole eſtate, without excepting the paternal inheritance, a *Fidei commiſſum.*

Hence aroſe all my misfortunes, as indeed was his intention; for, but a ſhort time before his death, he ſaid to the Governor, Baron Kottulinſky, "I ſhall now die contented, ſince I have been able to trick my couſin, and render him wretched."

Such was the ſtate of affairs, as willed by Trenck, when I came to Vienna, in 1750, where I arrived with money and jewels to the amount of twenty thouſand florins.

Inſtead of profiting by the wealth Trenck had acquired, I expended a hundred and twenty thouſand florins of my own money, including what devolved to me from my uncle, his father, in the proſecution of his ſuits. Trenck had paid two hundred ducats to the tribunal of Vienna, in the year 1743, to procure

procure its very reprehensible silence concerning a curator, to which I was sacrificed, as the new judges of this court refused to correct the error of their predecessors. Such are the proceedings of Courts of justice in Vienna.

On my first audience, no one could be received more kindly than I was, by the Empress Queen. She spoke of my deceased cousin with much emotion and esteem, promised me all grace and favour, and informed me of the particular recommendations she had received, on my behalf, from Count Bernes. Finding sixty-three causes hang over my head, in consequence of the inheritance of Trenck, to obtain justice in any one of which, at Vienna, would have employed the whole life of an honest man, I determined to renounce this inheritance, and claim only under the will and as the heir of my uncle.

With this view I applied for, and obtained, a copy of that will, with which I personally appeared, and declared to the Court that I renounced the inheritance of Francis Trenck, would undertake none of his suits, nor be responsible for his legacies, and required only his father's estates, according to the legal will, which I produced; that is to say, the three lordships of Pakratz, Prestowacz, and Pleternitz, without chattels or personal effects. Nothing could be more just or incontrovertible than this claim. What was my astonishment, to be told, in open Court, that her Majesty had declared I must either wholly perform the articles of the will of Trenck, or be excluded the intire inheritance, and have nothing further to hope; What could be done? I ventured to remonstrate, but the will of the Court was determined and absolute; I must become a Roman Catholic.

In this extremity I bribed a priest, who gave me a signed attestation, "That I had abjured the accursed heresy of Lutheranism." My religion, however, remained what it had ever been. General Bernes, about this time, returned from his embassy, and I related to him the lamentable state in which I found my affairs. He spoke to the Empress in my behalf, and she promised every thing. He advised me to have patience, to perform all that was required of me, and to make myself responsible for the depending suits. Some family concerns obliged him, as he informed me, to make a journey to Turin, but his return would be speedy; he would then take the management of my affairs upon himself, and insure my good fortune in Austria. Bernes loved me as his son, and I had reason to hope, from his assurance, I should be largely remembered in his will, which was the more probable, as he had

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neither child nor relations. He parted from me, like a father, with tears in his eyes; but he had ſcarcely been abſent ſix weeks before the news arrived of his death, which, if report may be credited, was effected by poiſon, adminiſtered by a friend. Ever the ſport of fortune, thus were my ſupporters ſnatched from me, at the very moment they became moſt neceſſary.

The ſame year was I, likewiſe, deprived, by death, of my friend and protector, Field Marſhal Konigſeck, Governor of Vienna, when he had determined to intereſt himſelf in my behalf. I have been beloved by the greateſt men Auſtria has produced, but, unfortunately, have been perſecuted by the chicanery of pettifoggers, fools, fanatics, and prieſts, who have deprived me of the favour of my Empreſs, guiltleſs as I was of crime or deceit, and left my old age in poverty.

(To be continued.)

A Liſt of Acting Magiſtrates, in and for the County of Somerſet, with the Dates of their Qualifications.

Date.	*Magiſtrates.*	*Reſidence*
1786	ACLAND, Sir T. Dyke, Bart.	Holnicoat-court.
1780	Acland, John	Harefield.
1788	Adams, Francis	Henbury, Glouceſ.
1778	Balch, Robert Everard	WeſtQuantockſhead
1789	Band, John	Wookey.
1789	Batchelor, William, clerk,	Freſhford.
1788	Bere, Thomas, clerk	Blagdon.
1775	Bernard, James	Crowcombe.
1788	Bovet, Richard	Wellington.
1791	Bowen, John, clerk	Wells.
1783	Brice, Edward	Briſtol.
1783	Burland, John Berkeley	Stockgaylard, Dorſet,
1787	Brickdale, Matthew	Weſt Monkton.
1777	Cabbel, John, M. D.	Taunton.
1778	Champneys, Sir Thomas, Bart.	Orchardley.
1777	Chicheſter, Henry	Northover.
1775	Collins, John	Hatch-court.
1775	Coward, Thomas	Spargrove.
1780	Coxe, Henry Hippeſley	Ston Eaſton,
1779	Croſſe, Richard	Bromfield.
1788	Croſſman, George, L. L. D,	Weſt Monckton.

1775 Darch,

1775	Darch, Thomas - -	Bishop's Hull.
1791	Day, Samuel - -	Burnett.
1780	Dickenson, Vickris -	Queen Charlton.
1779	Doddington, Samuel -	Horsington.
1791	Donisthorpe, George -	Somerton.
1778	Durbin, Sir John, Knt. -	Bristol.
1775	Edgell, Harry -	Standerwick.
1788	Farwell, Samuel, clerk -	Wincanton.
1788	Fewtrell, John, clerk -	Dowlish Wake.
1782	Gibbs, Philip James - -	Trowbridge, Wilts.
1788	Gould, Thomas, clerk -	South Brent.
1778	Grove, William Chafin -	Zeals, Wilts.
1775	Gunston, Sir Thomas, Knt.	Hatherstone.
1779	Hales, Sir Philip, Bart. M. P.	Brymore.
1778	Hammet, Sir B. Knt. M. P.	Wilton.
1783	Hanning, John. -	Dowlish Wake.
1788	Harbour, Samuel Alford -	Dowlish Wake.
1775	Hawker, William -	Pitminster.
1775	Halliday, John - -	Taunton.
1775	Halliday, Edmund Trowbridge	Bishop's Lydeard.
1788	Hoare, Sir Richard Colt, Bart.	Stourhead, Wilts.
1775	Hood, Alexander Sir -	Cricket St. Thomas.
1788	Hobbs, Charles, clerk -	Shapwick.
1775	Horner, Thomas -	Mells Park.
1791	Howe, William -	Somerton.
1773	Hutchings, George, clerk -	Sherborne, Dorset.
1791	Jackson, Thomas, D. D. -	Yarlington.
1788	Jolliffe, Thomas Samuel -	Kilsmerdon.
1788	Ireland, Thomas, D. D. -	Brislington.
1791	Kent, Ambrose, D. D. -	Berkeley.
1775	Lethbridge, John -	Bishop's Lydeard.
1788	Lucas, Stuckley -	King's Brompton.
1781	Luttrell, John Fownes, M. P.	Dunster Castle.
1791	Lyne, Edward - -	Salford.
1775	Medlycott, Thomas Hutchins	Milborne Port.
1788	Michell, John, clerk -	Huish.
1775	Morgan, Thomas Wilkins -	Pill, St. George's.
1788	Mortimer, Edward Horlock -	Trowbridge, Wilts.
1788	Mortimer, Joseph -	Trowbridge, Wilts.
1788	Peppin, Arscott Bickford -	Dulverton.
1775	Phelips, Edward -	Montacute.
1784	Phelips, Edward, jun. M. P.	Holbrooke.
1780	Phelips, William, clerk -	Cucklington.
1775	Pigott, Wadham, clerk -	Brockley.

1780 Pigott,

1780	Pigott, John - -	Brockley.
1775	Popham, Alexander, M. P.	Temple, London.
1776	Popham, Alexander -	Bagborough.
1790	Rogers, John Methuen, clerk	Berkeley.
1775	Sherston, Peter -	Wells.
1790	Slade, John -	North Petherton.
1788	Slocombe, William, clerk -	Oak.
1790	Smith, Sir John, Bart. -	Sydling, Dorset.
1790	Smith, Samuel -	Ivelchester.
1775	Strode, John -	West Crenmore.
1788	Templer, George -	Shapwick.
1775	Trevelyan, Sir J. Bart. M. P.	Nettlecombe.
1775	Tooker, James -	Chilcompton.
1788	Tucker, John -	Uphill.
1783	Turner, John, clerk -	Wells.
1775	Walters, Henry -	Bath.
1778	Webb, Samuel, clerk -	Winford.
1789	Whitmash, Henry -	Trull.
1780	Wiltshire, Walter -	Bathford.
1787	Wiltshire, John -	Bathford.
1775	Yea, Sir William, Bart. -	Pyrland.

The Epiphany and Easter Sessions are held at Wells, the Midsummer Sessions, at Bridgewater, John Berkeley, Esq. Barrister at Law, in the chair.

The Michaelmas Sessions are held at Taunton, Alexander Popham, Esq. M. P. Barrister at Law, in the chair.

On the prevailing Rage for interspersing the English Language with French Phrases.

To the PRINTER.

SIR,

THE present prevailing rage for interspersing the English language with French phrases is justly censurable as an instance of folly and affectation—but when, as is too frequently the case, these phrases are totally misapplied, through a mixture of ignorance and conceit, this custom becomes in the highest degree ridiculous.—In order to expose this trespass on the French language, to the great discredit of our mother tongue, permit me to beg the insertion of the following letter in your Weekly Entertainer.—It was written by a young lady in answer to an absent lover, and proved to be the occasion of his

deserting

deserting her for ever. This circumstance, perhaps, may operate with particular force on some of the female sex, by shewing them the danger of disguising plain English sense in the misapplied frippery of French phrases.

MON CHER AMI,

IT is impossible for me to express with what vast *nonchalance* I received your dear, dear epistle.—I was so greatly overjoyed that I had almost lost my senses on the occasion.—Indeed my *sang froid* was inconceivable—but if I was thus warmed at the first *coup de pié* of your letter, judge what were my sensations on reading the contents?—No high-flown compliments—no unintelligible jargon of *billets-doux* is to be found there. On the contrary, every thing is plain and sincere;—every thing speaks your heart, and meets my ideas without the least obscurity.—In short every sentence (to make use of my favourite language) is actually composed of a *je ne sais quoi.*

Mr. G. honoured me with a call yesterday morning.—Never did my eyes behold a more stiff and formal figure. Every time I see the youth he brings to my mind a couplet, which, however, *mal-a-propos*, I beg leave to transcribe,

> So mute, so stiff, some statue you would swear
> Stepp'd from its pedestal to take the air.

He spent a silent ten minutes with me, and then to my infinite satisfaction clapped his *chapeau-bras* on his head, and made an *entrée* in the same stupid manner in which he had come in.—Pardon what I have said.—It just now occurs to me that I have heard you speak of him in rather more favourable terms;—you have your reason no doubt, and judge as you find.—My knowledge of him I confess is very supeficial, and therefore silence in me would have been more becoming—but I must own (pardon my weakness) that I entertained an insuperable *penchant* for the young man the first time I saw him; and though conscious how carefully prejudices should be guarded against, I cannot to this day get the better of my first opinion, and view him in a more favourable light. *A propos*—Our friend Miss R. you must have seen by the public papers honoured Mr. G. with her hand about a fortnight since—but this *entre nous.*—You assure me that no distance can in any degree lessen the sincerity of your attachment. Believe me *j'en suis bien faché*

faché, or, in plain English, I rejoice at the continuance of your esteem. Excuse my making use of so many French phrases. I sometimes fear that I may not properly apply them. At any rate my *degout* for this way of writing is carried, I have been told, to too great a length. But you know it is no easy matter to relinquish a custom in which one has long and frequently indulged. Pardon, therefore, this my *coup d'essai* in the French language, and believe me, with English sincerity, your's,

ELIZA P——.

P. S. I blush to send you so short an epistle—but I am just called to breakfast—*Bon Soir*—*Adieu.*

An ACCOUNT *of* PARACELSUS.

[Drawn up, from Brucker's History of Philosophy, by Dr. Enfield.

PHILIPPUS Aureolus Theophrastus Paracelsus was born at Einsidlen, near Zurich, in the year 1493. His family name, which was Bombastus, he afterwards changed, after the custom of the age, into Paracelsus. He was instructed by his father, who was a physician, in languages and medicine. So earnestly desirous was he of penetrating into the mysteries of nature, that, neglecting books, he undertook long and hazardous journies through Germany, Italy, Spain, Denmark, Hungary, and Muscovy, and probably several parts of Asia and Africa. He not only visited literary and learned men, but frequented the workshops of mechanicks, descended into mines, and thought no place mean or hazardous if it afforded him an opportunity of increasing his knowledge of nature. He consulted all persons who pretended to be possessed of any secret art, particularly such as were skilled in metallurgy. Being in this manner a self-taught philosopher, and physician, he despised the medical writings of the ancients, and boasted that the whole contents of his library would not amount to six folios.

Rejecting the tedious method of the Galenick school, Paracelsus had recourse to new and secret medicines procured from metallick substances by the chemical art. And his bold empirical practice was in many cases attended with such wonderful success, that he rose to the summit of popular fame, and even obtained the medical chair in the city of Basil.

Among

Among other noſtrums he adminiſtered a medicine, to which he gave the name of Azoth, which he boaſted was the philoſopher's ſtone, the medical *panacea*, and which his diſciples extol as the tincture of life, given through the divine favour to man in theſe latter days. His irregular practice, and the virulence with which he cenſured the ignorance and indolence of other phyſicians, created him many enemies. The rewards which he received for the cures he performed were by no means adequate to the expectations of his vanity and ambition.

After meeting with many diſappointments and mortifications, an incident occurred which determined him to leave Baſil. A wealthy Canon of Lichfield, who happened to fall ſick at Baſil, offered Paracelſus 100 florins to cure his diſeaſe. This Paracelſus eaſily effected with three pills of his laudanum, one of his moſt powerful medicines. The Canon reſtored to health ſo ſoon, and as appeared to him by ſuch ſlight means, refuſed to ſtand to his engagement. Paracelſus brought the matter before the magiſtrate, who decreed him only the uſual fee.

Inflamed with violent indignation at the contempt which was, by this deciſion, thrown upon his art, after inveighing bitterly againſt the canon, the magiſtrate, and the whole city, he left Baſil, and withdrew into Alſace, whither his medical fame and ſucceſs followed him. After two years, during which time he practiſed medicine in the principal families of the country, about 1530 he removed to Switzerland, where he converſed with Bullenger and other divines. From this time he ſeems for many years to have roved through various parts of Germany and Bohemia. At laſt in the year 1541, he finiſhed his days in the hoſpital of St. Sebaſtian, in Saltſburgh.

Different and even contradictory judgements have been formed by the learned concerning Paracelſus. His admirers and followers have celebrated him as a perfect maſter of all philoſophical and medical myſteries.

Some, on account of the reformation which he produced in medicine, have called him the medical Luther.

Many have maintained, as indeed he himſelf boaſted, that he was poſſeſſed of the grand ſecret of converting inferior metals into gold. On the contrary, others have charged his whole medical practice with ignorance, impoſture, and impudence.

J. Crato, in an epiſtle to Zwinger, atteſts, that in Bohemia his medicines, even when they performed an apparent cure, left his patients in ſuch a ſtate, that they ſoon after died of palſies or epilepſies. Eraſtus, who was for two years one of his pupils, wrote an entire book to detect his impoſtures.

He is ſaid to have been not only unacquainted with the Greek language, but ſo bad a Latin ſcholar that he dared not ſpeak a word of Latin in the preſence of learned men. It is even aſſerted, that he was ſo imperfect a maſter of his vernacular tongue, that he was obliged to have his German writings corrected by another hand. His adverſaries alſo charged him with the moſt contemptible arrogance, the moſt vulgar ſcurrility, the groſſeſt intemperance, and the moſt deteſtable impiety.—The truth ſeems to be that Paracelſus's merit chiefly conſiſted in improving the art of chemiſtry, and in inventing, or bringing to light, ſeveral chemical medicines, which to this day hold their place in the *Pharmacopœia*.

Without either learning, or urbanity, or even decency of manners, by the mere help of phyſical knowledge and the chemical arts, he obtained an uncommon ſhare of medical fame; and to ſupport his credit with the ignorant, he pretended to an intercourſe with inviſible ſpirits, and to divine illumination.

Paracelſus wrote, or rather dictated to his amanuenſis, many treatiſes; but they are ſo entirely void of elegance, ſo immethodical and obſcure, that one may almoſt credit the aſſertion of his chemical aſſiſtant, Oponinus, that he dictated moſt of his books in the night when he was intoxicated. They treat of an immenſe variety of ſubjects, medical, magical, and philoſophical. His *Philoſophia Sagax*, "Subtle Philoſophy," is a moſt obſcure and confuſed treatiſe on aſtrology, necromancy, chiromancy, phyſiognomy, and other divining arts, calculated for no other purpoſe than to promote vulgar ſuperſtition. Several of his pieces treat of philoſophical ſubjects, ſuch as "The Production and Fruit of the Four Elements."—"The Secrets of Nature, their Origin, Cauſes, Character, and Properties," and the like; but they are ſuch a confuſed maſs of words, that it would be an Herculean labour to draw out from them any thing which would have the leaſt appearance of a conſiſtent philoſophical ſyſtem.

A SPIRITED REPLY *to a* COUNSEL.

AT a late trial in Ireland, a Mr. Morton proſecuted one John Farrel for an aſſault, with an attempt to commit a rape upon his daughter. The daughter was alſo a proſecutor. When Mr. Morton had given his teſtimony for the Crown, (as the term is), he was croſs-examined by the counſel for the priſoner. The firſt queſtion aſked him by one of thoſe counſel was,

was, "Pray, Sir, is the young lady your daughter?" The evidence replied "Yes."

"Pray Sir," continued the counsel, "how do you know she is your daughter?"

The witness thus expressed himself:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, I am called upon in this Court to give my testimony. I have given it; and I have given it honestly as to my mind, and true as to the facts. A counsel, I suppose him so by his impertinence, has asked whether I can, upon oath, swear that this young woman is my daughter—Many of you are fathers, and will feel upon the occasion as I do.

"One observation I beg of the Court permission to make.—It is, that, in support of the laws of my country, I come forward here to punish a transgressor, at my own expence, and that the man who has asked me the question as to my daughter's legitimacy, and who, no doubt, means to ask many more of the same sort, is a *person bribed* to pervert the course of justice.

"Gentlemen, I will prove the assertion.—Look to his brief; he owns having received *ten guineas* to defend a villain."

AN ANECDOTE.

A Few years ago General Gunning, who is known to be addicted to play, had a match with a gentleman in Yorkshire, of whom he won 30,000l. at one sitting. The gentleman waited on the General next morning, and proposed to pay his loss by instalments. General Gunning asked him, in what manner he intended to raise the money? And was informed by the sale of certain estates. Finding that the gentleman possessed an amiable wife, and a young family, the General made this reply:—"Sir, I had no more than 500 guineas when I began to play with you; and, if you had won a higher sum of me, I should have been unable to pay you; therefore I will only receive a sum to that amount, provided that, for the sake of your family, you will enter into a solemn obligation never to hazard their fortune and happiness at play any more." The gentleman gladly closed with this handsome proposal; and the General seemed as happy as if he had received all he had won.

Answer, by Sheptoniensis, to B. C.'s Enigma, inserted Feb. 20.

THO' deep's a Pitt, or sly's a Fox,
Who have been in Administration;

In ſpite of all their knowledge-blocks,
They can't controul IMAGINATION.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from Eremita, of Weſton Zoyland; and T. Coumbe, of St. Germans.

Anſwer, by James Chivers, of St. Auſtell, to R. Tucker's Rebus, inſerted February 27.

WHEN bright Aurora gilds the morn,
Ere Sol's bright beams appear,
The ROBIN then, with ſweeteſt notes,
Oft charms my liſtening ear.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from J. R. of Wellington; R. H. of Creed; T. Giles, Bridgewater; William Baker, and a friend of Totnes; P. Lyttleton, Tywardreath; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Cary; Alutarius, Buckfaſtleigh; Eremita, Weſton Zoyland; W. Wouldby, Thomas Sparkes junior, and W. W. of Exon; and A. Pinn, of Exmouth; and William Brewer, of Taunton.

Anſwer, by Abſalom Apſey, of Taunton, to T. Sparkes's Charade, inſerted February 27.

HAND-SCREW I think will ſoon appear,
In your charade quite plain and clear.

‡ We have received the like anſwer from W. Brewer, Taunton; T. Coumbe, St. Germans; W. Baker, and a friend of Totnes; S. Hill, Dawliſh; Virginopis, Bickington; Eremita, Weſton Zoyland; A. Pinn, Exmouth; J. Bulgin, Caſtle Carey; Primœvus, near Ugborough; and R. Liſcombe, of Newton Abbot.

A QUESTION, *by John Duckham, of Taunton.*

REQUIRED the dimenſions of the greateſt cylinder that can be inſcribed in a ſolid, formed by the rotation of a curve round its axis, whoſe equation is $u^2 - x = y^4$, abſciſs 40, and ſemiordinate 28 inches.

An ANAGRAM, *by Orpheus, of Blandford.*

A Thief's deſert if you tranſpoſe,
What barbers uſe it will diſcloſe;

One

One letter chang'd, tranſpos'd I know,
A concubine 'twill plainly ſhew.

A CHARADE, *by W. W. of Sturminſter.*

WITH eager ſteps my firſt is often ſeen,
Moſt nimbly ſkipping o'er the verdant green;
My next is often worn by ladies fair,
To help preſerve them from the chilling air;
On topmoſt hills my whole with eaſe you'll find,
To Flora's tribe with elegance combin'd.

An ENIGMA, *by T. W———, of South Petherton.*

YOUR humble ſervant, Sirs, I here appear,
Whoſe kind aſſiſtance you do often ſhare,
When you at ball or play would neat appear,
Before the audience and the actors there;
Or when the ladies often you attend,
To make you clean I then aſſiſtance lend;
I'm often us'd when you to church repair—
For ſurely decency is proper there;
The loweſt menial my help demands,
I oft am in the induſtrious ſervant's hands.
I now my form would freely tell to you,
But really, gents, to tell you what is true,
I am of different forms, I'm ſquare and round,
Sometimes I'm long, and ſometimes ſhort I'm found;
My back is hard as wood; now one hint more,
Even when complete I've ſomething of the boar.

‖§‖ *A conſiderable portion of our Entertainer having been lately engroſſed by pieces relative to the Slave-Trade, we wiſh, for the preſent, to* DISMISS *the ſubject, being ſatiſfied that in ſo doing we ſhall pleaſe moſt of our readers. The lines reſpecting St. Domingo, ſent by* N. *of Topſham, were written with a good deal of warmth, and would probably have provoked a reply from ſome perſon equally warm on the other ſide. On other ſubjects we ſhall be glad to hear from him, and to pay him every proper attention.*

§†§ *Several Pieces of Poetry lately received are much too inaccurate for Inſertion.*

POETRY.

ODE to MEDITATION.

[From Mrs. Robinson's Poems.]

SWEET Child of Reafon! Maid Serene!
With folded arms and penfive mien,
Who wand'ring near yon thorny wild,
So oft my length'ning hours beguil'd;
Thou, who within thy peaceful cell,
Canft laugh at life's tumultuous care,
While calm repofe delights to dwell
On beds of fragrant rofes there;
Where meek-ey'd Patience waits to greet
The woe-worn trav'ller's weary feet,
'Till by her bleft and chearing ray
The clouds of forrow fade away;
Where confcious Rectitude retires,
Inftructive Wifdom, calm Defires,
Prolific Science, lab'ring Art,
And Genius with expanded heart.

Far from thy lone and pure domain,
Steals pallid Guilt, whofe fcowling eye
Marks the rack'd foul's convulfive pain
Tho' hid beneath the mafk of joy;
Madd'ning Ambition's dauntlefs band;
Lean Avarice, with iron hand;
Hypocrify, with fawning tongue;
Soft Flatt'ry, with perfuafive fong;
Appall'd, in gloomy fhadows fly
From Meditation's piercing eye.
How oft with thee I've ftroll'd unfeen
O'er the lone valley's velvet green;
And brufh'd away the twilight dew
That ftain'd the cowflip's golden hue;

Oft

Oft as I ponder'd o'er the ſcene,
Would Mem'ry picture to my heart,
How full of grief my days have been,
How ſwiftly rapt'rous hours depart;
Then would'ſt thou ſweetly reas'ning ſay,
"Time journeys thro' the rougheſt day."

The hermit, from the world retir'd,
By calm Religion's voice inſpir'd,
Tells how ſerenely time glides on;
From crimſon morn till ſetting ſun;
How guiltleſs, pure, and free from ſtriſe,
He journeys thro' the vales of life;
Within his breaſt nor ſorrows mourn,
Nor cares perplex, nor paſſions burn;
No jealous fears, or boundleſs joys,
The tenor of his mind deſtroys;
And when revolving mem'ry ſhows
The thorny world's unnumber'd woes;
He bleſſes Heav'n's benign decree,
That gave his days to Peace and thee.

The gentle maid, whoſe roſeate bloom
Fades faſt within a cloiſter's gloom;
Far by relentleſs Fate remov'd,
From all her youthful fancy lov'd;
When her warm heart no longer bleeds;
And cool Reflection's hour ſucceeds;
Led by thy downy hand ſhe ſtrays
Along the green dell's tangled maze;
Where, thro' dank leaves, the whiſp'ring ſhow'rs
Awake to life the fainting flow'rs;
Abſorb'd by thee, ſhe hears no more
The diſtant torrent's fearful roar;
The well-known's veſper's ſilver tone;
The bleak wind's deſolating moan;
No more ſhe ſees the nodding ſpires,
Where the dark bird of night retires;
While Echo chaunts her boding ſong
The cloiſter's mould'ring walls among;
No more ſhe weeps at Fate's decree,
But yields her penſive ſoul to thee.

The ſage, whoſe palſy'd head bends low,
'Midſt ſcatter'd locks of ſilv'ry ſnow;

Still

Still by his mind's clear luſtre tells,
What warmth within his boſom dwells;
How glows his heart with treaſur'd lore,
How rich in Wiſdom's boundleſs ſtore;
In fading life's protracted hour
He ſmiles at Death's terrific power;
He lifts his radiant eyes, which gleam
With Reſignation's ſainted beam:
And as the weeping ſtar of morn,
Sheds luſtre on the wither'd thorn,
His tear benign, calm comfort throws
O'er rugged Life's corroding woes;
His pious ſoul's enlighten'd rays
Dart forth to gild his wintry days;
He ſmiles ſerene at Heav'n's decree,
And his laſt hour reſigns to thee.

When Learning, with Promethean art,
Unveils to light the youthful heart;
When on the richly-budding ſpray,
The glorious beams of Genius play;
When the expanded leaves proclaim
The promis'd fruits of rip'ning Fame;
Oh Meditation, Maid Divine!
Proud Reaſon owns the work is thine.

Oft have I known thy magic power,
Irradiate Sorrow's wintry hour;
Oft my full heart to thee hath flown,
And wept for miſeries not its own;
When pinch'd with agonizing pain,
My reſtleſs boſom dar'd complain;
Oft have I ſunk upon thy breaſt,
And lull'd my weary mind to reſt;
'Till I have own'd the bleſt decree,
That gave my ſoul to Peace and thee.

The Preference: Written on ſeeing two Ladies together.

WERE Flavia of all India's ſtores poſſeſt,
And, Fortune, Laura, never ſmil'd on you;
Dear maid, with thee I could be highly bleſt,
And willing bid to Flavia's wealth adieu.
Riches alone impart a tranſient zeſt,
'Tis wit and beauty win the manly breaſt.